by Mr. Nich: Brady.

130

A SONG FOR New-Years-Day.

Licens'd according to Order.

I.

BE kind, Great God of Time, be kind, and from
The wealthy Treaſury of Years to come,
Cull out the whiteſt Minutes, thoſe that ſwell
With future Triumphs and Succeſs,
With gay Delight and Happineſs,
That laugh, and ſmile, and promiſe well.
Appear, ye happy Minutes, all appear,
That never diſappoint the Hopes ye raiſe;
And in your ſeveral Ranks of Hours and Days,
Make up the gaudy Train of the approaching Year.

II.

See how the crowding Minutes preſs,
And with a pleaſing Tumult ſtrive
That happy Station to poſſeſs,
By which they may the reſt ſurvive.
For well they know, the coming Year
Is big with Scenes of laſting Glory,
With mighty Themes of future Story,
And all the Moments that appear,
Which in that round ſhall jointly be
Conſign'd to deathleſs Fame and Immortality.

III.

Bleſs me, What wondrous Object I deſcry!
How bright a Proſpect entertains my Eye!
The teeming Particles of Time,
At once their numerous Births diſcloſe,
And to my willing View expoſe
Actions ſo Noble and Sublime:
As do reſiſtleſs Charms impart,
And through my Sight, like Beauty, ſtrike my Heart.
Each bears the Stamp of *Naſſau*'s Glorious Name;
Naſſau the Great, the Juſt as well as Brave,
Whoſe Guide is Honour, and Succeſs his Slave;
Danger his Paſtime, and his Herald Fame;
In whoſe bleſs'd Fate the raviſh'd World may ſee,
Vertue and Fortune can ſometimes agree:
Cautious in Council, Vigorous in Fight;
Secret as Darkneſs, Active as the Light.

IV.

What's this, ye Gods, I feel within?
What ſacred Fury has my Soul poſſeſs'd?
'Tis ſure the *Delphick* God that entred in,
And loſely Revels in my Breaſt.
Hence ye Prophane! No vulgar Ear,
The Muſick Truths I tell muſt hear.
Hark! Hark! I hear the *Britiſh* Lyons roar,
And with their Voices ſhake the *Gallick* Shoar.
See how the *Seyne* and *Loyre* combine,
To make their Streams out-vie the Famous *Boyne*:
Creſſy, *Poictiers* and *Agen-Court* no more
Shall be eſteem'd in future Story,
The utmoſt Marks of *Albion*'s Glory.
Naſſaw does freſh Recruits of Honour bring,
And *France* muſt bend once more beneath an *Engliſh* King.

V.

But when, ye Powers! when muſt his Labours ceaſe?
Muſt he ſtill Toil to ſet the World at eaſe?
When muſt he reap Love's quiet Joys,
The peaceful fruit of Proſperous Arms?
When indiſturb'd by Martial Noiſe,
And frequent calls of ſhrill alarms,
O'er-pay himſelf for all his Pains, with bright *Maria*'s Charms?
Maria form'd by bounteous Heaven,
To cancel all the mighty Debts we owe;
The ſwelling Summs which hourly grow
And make the Balance ev'n.
Whilſt he abroad does like the Sun diſplay
His active Beams, and give to others day,
She like the modeſt Regent of the Night
Supplies his room, but not with borrow'd Light,
And fills the Throne with ſuch ſucceſsful Care,
That ſcarce we miſs the Mighty *Naſſaw* there.
Gladly the World her influence obeys,
And ſleeps ſecure beneath her watchful Rays.

The grand Chorus.

Ye Great Defenders of the Faith go on,
As you that Title juſtly make your own;
Whoſe ſad Abuſe the differing World before
Did either laugh at or deplore:
So Vindicate your other Titles too,
By Merit more than Quality your due;
Succeſsfully your Glorious Arms advance,
And be in Deed, as well as Name, the King and Queen of
France.

LONDON, Printed for *R. Baldwin*, 1692.

BRITISH MUSEUM 17 JAN 28